

**The Democrat.**  
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## Poetical.

### THE DYING MOTHER.

By ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,  
For we knew that she must die;  
It was night within our bosoms—  
It was night upon the sky.  
There were seven of us children,  
I the oldest one of all;  
So I tried to whisper comfort,  
But the blinding tears would fall.  
On my knees my little brother  
Laid his aching head and wept;  
And my sister's long black tresses  
O'er my heaving bosom swept.  
The shadow of an awful fear  
Came o'er me as I tried to pray,  
To lay the burden of our grief  
Before the throne of God.  
"Oh, be kind to one another!"  
Was my mother's pleading prayer,  
As her hand lay like a snowflake  
On the baby's golden hair.  
Then a glory brighted her forehead,  
Like the glow of a crown,  
And in the silent of death  
The star of life went down.  
Her latest breath was borne away,  
Upon that loving prayer,  
And the hand grew colder pale,  
In the baby's golden hair.

## Miscellaneous.

### AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Upon what small events does the happiness and even existence of individuals depend!—Some years ago there lived, in a small town in Ohio, a young woman, then but fifteen years of age. She was the heiress of a large fortune, held by trustees. The will of her father strictly enjoined upon her, that she was not to marry until after she had terminated her twenty-first year. He had enforced this injunction by strong and earnest appeals to her affection, and by reminding her of the untimely deaths of two older sisters. These married young and died childless shortly after. But, with almost prophetic judgment of her future lot, he had added a still stronger inducement, to obtain her compliance with his request. He had stipulated that in case of her death or marriage before attaining the prescribed age, the trustees should, by deed, convey all his estate to some distant relative. This young and handsome girl soon found herself the attractive object of the attentions, the devotion and the importunities of a score of young men of the neighborhood. She was aware of the provisions of her father's will, and honestly expressed wish to comply with his so fervently expressed wish; but soon—soon, indeed—was that injunction to appear harsh, unkind, unfortunate, unjust. Three years after her father's death, she then being eighteen years of age, she became acquainted, at a festive party, with an individual, upon whose honor, faith and manliness her destiny from that hour was to depend. He knew her as a fair, accomplished girl and as an heiress of half a million. He was but a visitor at that town. He remained there but a few weeks, but during that time he left too well in leaving a deeply favorable impression of his worth upon the heart of the lady. He returned in one month, announcing his intention to reside in that village. The vanity, not criminal, but natural vanity of the woman was gratified. She recognized in this voluntary abandonment of his former home and friends to take up his residence there, a tribute from his heart to her, and she was entirely unprepared to receive it. He failed not in soon confirming that belief, and in protestations of deep affection and urging the inevitable life of wretchedness he would endure in case of her rejection, as well as by an outward display of all the outward accomplishments and bearing of a gentleman, he won her love, and obtained from her a promise of marriage. The betrothal had been secret, and was entirely unknown to her guardian with whom she resided. The betrothal was soon followed by an urgent request for a speedy marriage. In her hours of blissful communion with her lover she had almost forgotten her father's command. It now came upon her with sudden and bitter force. She answered the proposal of marriage by stating that her father's dying command was, that she should not marry till twenty-one. This he met by ridiculing the fears and superstitions of a two anxious parent, and hold out to her the alternative of obeying an unreasonable request of a deceased parent, made when she was a child, and when her capacity for forming a proper alliance could not be determined, or the distress, ruin, madness of a true and honest heart which could not exist if separated from her. Her next objection met with more serious consideration. She told him that she could not obtain her property till she was of full age. Though this was unexpected, and did not at all agree with the hopes and aims of the wily older, he was too well skilled in deception to betray his disappointment. He, therefore, promptly interrupted her in her explanation of the conditions of her father's will, by the most solemn assurances that with him her fortune had not a feather's weight; that he loved her, and that love would be as pure, and as strong and as devoted had she been reared in poverty, instead of in the expectancy of wealth. Again and again she sought to explain to him that with her marriage before the period fixed by her father she would sacrifice all her expected wealth; but with the blindness which so often overtakes and misleads avarice and the other base passions of human nature, he assumed her that he knew all; that he was aware of everything; that he had enough for both, and was prepared to remedy to the extent of his power any inconvenience she might suffer, pecuniarily, from disobeying her father's request. In telling her that he knew all, he meant no falsehood; he had made carefully disguised inquiries, and by every one whom he addressed he was told that "Miss C. would inherit her father's fortune at twenty-one, but not before." It did not suit his purposes to mark his motives, and, in consequence of this difference his questions, he failed to ascertain the whole truth. Supposing her father's will was simply framed to prevent the fortune falling, in any way, however remotely under the control of her husband before she reached that mature age, he decided by marriage to secure it ultimately. He had good cause for speed; with him a prompt and secret marriage was essential, for, perhaps, he could not much longer maintain appearances, or pay his board, for which he was largely in arrears. His apparent disinclination to length prevailed over the daughter's obedience. A false statement that her guardian had forbidden him addressing her, with incessant urging that business required his presence in New York for several months, swept away all further objections to an immediate and secret marriage. They were married privately at a neighboring village, and, to the bride's surprise, he advised her to return to her guardian's house for a few days. He returned to his own lodgings, and at once, publicly, everywhere, and to all he met, announced his marriage. In a few hours he called at the house of his newly-wedded wife, and as he entered it, her guardian, who had just heard of the marriage, also entered. He was sternly questioned as to the truth of the report; and he boldly avowed it, making no apology for the unauthorized act, but assuming the attitude of one who was entitled to admiration for a most successful maneuver. He demanded permission to see his wife; she was called, and in their presence the guardian bewailed the imprudence of their conduct, and for the first time the heretofore dining room learned that by her marriage his bride had forfeited the entire fortune of her father. Baffled, disappointed, cheated, the late ardent wooer stormed and raved; he turned upon the poor, trembling woman, to whom he but a few hours before, he had pledged eternal love, and charged her with basely deceiving him. Overcome with grief, she fainted, and before she had recovered he had left the house, and the city. She heard no more of him for years. During all that time, with the incomprehensible of woman's devotion, she loved him. His name which for many months had been coupled with reproaches and contumely, never passed her lips. She would not believe her mercenary villain he had been represented. She still clung fondly to the hope that all the love he professed was real. Weak and broken in spirit, that he seemed to keep her alive. During March of last winter, the courts had set aside her marriage on the ground of fraud, and an one contesting her right, she became possessor of the magnificent fortune. The case was noticed in the papers, and some weeks after there came a letter to her. It was from her lover and husband. He had seen that notice of the annulment of her marriage. This was a relief to him, for he was on the eve of marrying again. But, as money was his main idea, and he had failed to obtain a letter addressed to him, since he had heard her story repeated with no favorable references to himself; he had heard more than hinted that she still retained an affection for him, but more than all he ascertained that she was now the sole possessor of that fortune which had so long tempted him to wrong. He returned, and addressed her the letter which was mentioned. It was full of reproaches; he proclaimed that his life, since he had left her, had been one of continuous misery. He professed to be unacquainted with what passed, and, with great humility, tendered again her love, declaring that, as he had been the cause of her losing her wealth, justice required that he should share with her the fortune he had amassed in the growing years where he lived. Unknown to any one, she answered that letter, accepting his love, forgiving and venturing excuses even for his past conduct, and informing him that she was now prepared to give to him that inheritance which to him had been the source of so much unhappiness. That letter of hers was destined never to reach him. To avoid any conjectures which might arise, seen to depart a letter addressed to that name, she induced, by a liberal reward, a neighbor's servant, whom she knew could not read, to take the letter to the post office. This servant left of absence, took with her one of her mistress' children. To amuse the child she allowed it to carry the letter; and, the little one, pleased with the red stamp, as they walk to school, succeeded in running it. The letter was deposited in the office without a stamp, and never, of course sent. A few weeks more closes this brief history. A month later, the lady's former guardian, who was a politician, received a Chicago newspaper, which had been sent to him because it contained a political speech delivered in this city. After reading it, he laid it down, with some remark upon the extraordinary growth of the city in which it was printed. The name of Chicago was heard by the lady; she took the paper, glanced over it, and with a shriek fell fainting to the floor. In a week she was dead. In that paper was the announcement of the marriage of her destroyer.—*Exchange Paper.*

# EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY L. G. GOULD.  
"Fearless and Free."  
\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.  
Vol. 12, No. 22.  
EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O., NOV. 15, 1855.

**New Series.**  
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**Brighter Skies are Dawning.**  
"It is always darkest just before day." And when the sky of our hope is most densely overshadowed, and obstacles raise their dusky heads mountain high and seem to defy the onward march of the light of civilization and the triumph of freedom, then it is we are assured by all past experience that the anticipations of true patriots if they stand to the cause of liberty, are about to be realized; in other words, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." The Peoria Morning News, under the above caption, truly reasons: "If the permanency of democracy in this government had depended upon the elections of last year, its defeat would have been overwhelming. A strange fanaticism then possessed all classes, and democrats who were supposed to be invulnerable as the sturdy oak against whom the storm of a hundred winters had beat in vain, were seduced for a brief period from their previously uniform political intensity. It was an hour of madness and storm, and strong minded men yielded to the passing frenzy. An unknown, undefined something had suddenly risen in political circles, and was swaying the masses as the stormy winds of heaven sway the sappling of the forest. They were borne onward by a mighty current they could not resist; with an impetuosity that thinks not of reasons, not, but simply acts under the guidance of a blind impulse."  
"How is it now? Fanaticism is rebuked, and democracy is again triumphant. The time which was sweeping our institutions into a great muddy pool of Know-nothingness has receded, and we are now moving back to the good old ways of democracy which have hitherto proved so glorious a boon of enjoyment and privilege to all classes of American citizens. The sober second thought is operating, and democrats are coming together in solid columns to reassert their time-honored principles, and to take a vigorous hold of the reins of government in those states where Know-nothingism has held temporary rule. Its own irreparable disgrace and to the deep humiliation and injury of the people for whom they have legislated. In Maine, where the various issues have divided and subdivided the political parties for several years, the democratic party is beginning to recover its former strength. The regular democratic ticket received a decided plurality of the votes at the late election, and the presidential election will bring Maine right side up entirely. In Massachusetts, an old federal state from the beginning, a year of know nothing rule has sufficed to show how fearfully the whig party there degenerated when it sold out its effects to the know nothings, and the people are beginning to see as they never did before, the superior excellence of democratic principles compared with any other form of political government. The democratic ticket is pretty sure to be successful in Massachusetts this fall. Pennsylvania gives noble evidence that democracy there is returning to its occasional influence in her councils. Virginia, the mother of states and of statesmen, has never diverged from the true path. Ohio shows a disposition to be right, and though no triumph over fanaticism at this moment as might be desired, will be all right at the presidential election."  
"We might go on enumerating the brightening prospects which appear throughout the political horizon, of the returning supremacy in those states which were last year submerged with know nothingism; but they are written on a banner above every man's head, and know that a great and glorious victory awaits the democratic party at the next presidential election."

**The Nigger as an Institution.**  
"The 'nigger' is a great, in fact, a stupendous institution. He answers a threefold purpose, and that is more than many white men are capable of. In the first place, he sows, hoaxes and gathers a product which clothes a world; which sustains Massachusetts rich and pauper—better than her neighbors; which enables England to carry on the war against Russia, which supplies France with the sinews of conflict, and which helps Christian nations to cut each other's throats by furnishing the raw material indispensable to the prosecution of multitudinous branches of industry."  
"In the second place, the 'nigger' assists the abolitionists and anti-slavery agitators of the North wonderfully. Without him, the abolitionists would soon languish and die. His odor alone supplies them with virility."  
"In the third place, the 'nigger' just is as useful in the South as in the North. In the North he manufactures bogus democrats, abolitionists, anti-Americans, secessionists and bogus Democrats. He is equally valuable in both sections of the Union; the furtherance of objects diametrically opposed to each other. Wonderful product is Sambo! Hurra for Africa!"—*N. O. Crescent.*

**A Touching Story.**  
The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in an address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:  
"A little boy in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at night fall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with a fresh courage to battle with obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the commoners that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get the nearest council to commit her cause to him, and that council proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The strenuous of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house "that orphan boy stands before you!"

**IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.**—Mr. Dentist do you see that decayed tooth in my jaw?  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well now, put on your tweezers. If it were very bad I'll say 'hold on' and you'll hold on won't you?"  
"Certainly, sir."  
The dentist applied his instrument, and—  
"Hold on! Thunder and lightning! you have not only pulled the tooth but half of my jaw-bone. Why the deuce didn't you let me when I sang out?"  
"Because you told me to hold on, and I did so accordingly."

**Don't Stay Long.**  
"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence, one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told the whole vast depth of a woman's love, of her happiness with her husband, of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.  
"Don't stay long, husband!"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence; every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "not yet—  
"Don't stay long, husband!" And again I thought I could see the young wife, rocking herself nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.  
O, you that have wives that say "don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy life of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are pema too seldom forget the low and was willing to submit to the alter—the hand, as she leans upon the world peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.  
"Don't stay long, husband!" said the young wife's look seemed to say, "for here, in your own sweet home, is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent."  
"Don't stay long, husband!"—and oh, don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may be to you the disappointment or the fulfillment of their simple, loving wish, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare, bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

**The Mother's Influence.**  
"What will my mother say?" said a young man a few days since, when apprehended for appropriating his neighbors property. Oh what a sermon is there in this plain instruction! the consistent example—the earliest recollections of youth—burst upon him with fearful vividness! For himself he cared nothing; he had no thought of the law, and was willing to submit to the penalty; yet the frail form of that dear one who taught him to lap his evening prayer, appeared before him, towering towards her last resting place, there to "be down in pleasant dreams." The silver hairs have stayed beneath her cap—the eye has lost some of its brilliancy, but none of its benevolence—the skin is not so fair when she was so young; but the heart, as she leans upon her staff has not the delicate proportions of other days—the step has lost its elasticity, but a firm reliance in the faith of her fathers sustains her—her children have grown up in honor, so far as she knows, and she is willing to go whenever her summons comes. Then do wonder that the poor old lady sits up in bed, and would that she could see the son who would kill her!" Young man! when tempted to sin, ask yourself—"What would my mother say?" When the evil has assumed his most alluring form, before you yield, stop long enough to ask your better nature, "What would my mother say?"

**A Mistake about Printers.**  
"The public have a funny notion about printers. They think it cost nothing to puff, advertise, &c. And thus, one and another will sponge an extra paper, a puff or a benevolent advertisement. They forget that a high price is paid for every type set. They forget that it is the business that makes their business known to the world. They forget that the printer's ink makes nine tenths of those immense fortunes. They forget that it takes money to pay compositors, lay paper, ink and type and lastly they forget even to thank you for working for nothing, and gratuitously puffing their business."  
Thus writes a California exchange, and we commend his remarks to the particular attention of all contributors to this paper.  
The reason to be an idea prevalent in this country that editors and publishers are a set of philanthropists with plenty of money, time and labor, to throw away, who consider themselves under particular obligations to any one who affords them an opportunity to exercise constitutional benevolence. This, strange as it may appear, is all a mistake. Editors, God help them, are not much better than the rest of mankind, and rarely acquire that sublime indifference to meat and bread which their friends the poets often express but never exhibit. They are, moreover, so unreasonable as to imagine that when they work they ought to be paid something like an equivalent for it.

**A Colloquy.**  
An affected lady about to be married, in a place not four hundred miles from the city, went to look at some furniture. She wished particularly to have a piece of furniture set in the corner of the parlor, upon which to place books and curiosities. She saw several, but they did not suit. It seems she could not explain what she wanted. Finally she said, "Missus, have you got any with under-trowsers in them?"  
"With what in?" exclaimed the surprised dealer in veneered cherry, &c., "with what in?"  
"What, under-trousers trousers in them?"  
"And what the d—uce, madam, would you do with under-trowsers in a piece of furniture like that?"  
"Why, to put shells and curiosities in," said the pink of nature, "for shells, &c."  
"Ah! Oh! I see! You mean drawers—drawers? Why didn't you say so? Walk up stairs ma'am."  
The lady collapsed, and a footman placed her in an open chariot quicker than a flash.

**A Lesson for the Girls.**—My pretty little dears: You are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-checked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can draw stockings, make her own frocks, mend drawers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain—and be a lady without in the drawing room.—*Mass. Ellis.*

**In "bolbin' around"** keep your nose out of your neighbor's dinner-pot.

## Rates of Advertising.

|                                    |        |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| One square (or less) 3 insertions. | \$1.00 |
| " " Each additional insertion.     | 25     |
| " " Three months.                  | 3.00   |
| " " Six months.                    | 5.00   |
| " " Twelve months.                 | 8.00   |
| One fourth of a column per year.   | 15.00  |
| " half "                           | 18.00  |
| " column "                         | 30.00  |

All over a square charged as two squares.  
Advertisements inserted till forbid at the expense of the advertiser.

## JOB WORK.

Executed at this office with neatness and dispatch, at the lowest possible rates.

## A Tough Witness.

Prosecuting Attorney—"Mr. Parks, state if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession."  
"He's been a professor ever since I've known him."  
"Professor of what?"  
"Of religion."  
"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks.—What does he do?"  
"Generally, what he pleases."  
"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."  
"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go in to drink."  
"Mr. Parks, this kind of preparation will do no here. Now state how this defendant supports himself."  
"I saw him last night support himself against a lam-post."  
"May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the Court."  
Judge—"Mr. Parks, state, if you know any thing about it, what's the defendant's occupation is."  
"Occupation, did you say?"  
Counsel—"Yes, what is his occupation?"  
"I'll ain't mistaken he occupies a garret somewhere in town."  
"That's all, Mr. Parks."  
Cross-examined—"Mr. Parks, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practices correspond with his profession?"  
"I never heard of any correspondence of letters passing between them."  
"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"  
"No; I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."  
"No more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"  
"The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashion."  
"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

## How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to be completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.  
The first is "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the sorrows of my people; but ever since then, in darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."  
My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith. Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desire in his life, the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while the other, who desired but little was always contented.  
My third is, "Look on the sunny side of things."  
Look up with hopeful eyes.  
Though all things seem gloomy,  
The sun that sets to-night will rise,  
Again to-morrow morn.  
The skipping lamb, the singing lark and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on earth, in the air and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always weeping a storm and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was worse, a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

## Our Recipe for Curing Meats.

Those who will carefully adopt our method of curing pork and beef, will be enabled to enjoy as fine hams, "pickles," "dried beef," and tongues, as the Emperor of all the Russians can command, always providing that the meat cured is of the best quality. It is this:  
To one gallon of water,  
Take 14 lbs of salt,  
1 lb. of sugar,  
1 oz. of saltpetre,  
1 oz. of polash.  
In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar, which will not be a little, rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef and pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.  
Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not however answer quite so well. By boiling the pickle it is purified—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar, would surprise any one not acquainted with the fact.—*[Ger. Tel.]*  
There cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel—one must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we put on airs on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.—*William Hazlitt.*  
We overheard a sentimental young man last night singing a new song, we take it. We gathered from the ingenious mass of gutturals, the following  
"A grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine,  
Sweet potato vine—sweet potato vine,  
A big turkey gobbler came up behind—  
And knocked the grasshopper off the sweet potato vine."  
THE SCHOOLMASTER ABANDONED.—The following is a neutral copy of a list of questions proposed to a debating club in a Western town: Subject of discussion—Is dancin morally wrong? Is the reinin of fictitious wuks commendable? Is it necessary that femals shud receive a thorough literary education? Ot femals to take parts in polotics?  
"Friend" said a jailor, "it is very wrong to swear as you do; why do you do it?"  
"Because," replied the prisoner "I've understood that a man may swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if it can't be done in fifteen. I am going to set up all night and do my worst."  
A WIT.—"Ain't you afraid you will break, while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus, to a clown.  
"Why so?" asked the latter.  
"Because you are a tumbler," replied the wag. The clown fainted.